

A Pleasant New Ballad to sing Evening and morn, Of the Bloody murder of Sir John Barley-corn.

The Tune is, Shall I lye beyond thee.



As I went through the North country
I heard a merry meeting,
A pleasant top, and full of joy,
two Noble-men were greeting.
And as they walked forth to sport,
upon a Summers day,
They met another Noble-man,
with whom they had a fray.
His name was Sir John Barley-corn
he dwelt down in a bale,
And had a kinsman dwell with him,
they call'd him Thomas Good-ale.
The one named Sir Richard Beer,
was ready at that time,
And likewise came a busie Peer,
called Sir William White-wing.
Some of them fought in a black Jack,
some of them in a Can,
But yet the chiefeest in a Black-Pot,
fought like a Noble-man.
Sir Barley corn fought in a Bowl,
who won the Victory,
Which made them all to chafe and swear,
that Barley-corn must die.
Some said kill him, some said him drown,
some wist to hand him high,
For those that followed Barley-corn,
they said would Peggers die.
Then with a blow they blow'd him up,
and thus they did devide,
To bury him quick within the earth,
and so he would not rise.
With hat and sword strong they came to him,
and bur'd clods on his head,

A joyfull banquet then was made,
when Barley-corn was dead.
He rested still upon the earth,
till Raine from Sky did fall,
Then he grew up on branches green,
which soe amaz'd them all.
Increasing thus till Midsummer,
he made them all afraid,
For he sprang up on high,
and got a goodly beard.
When ripening at St. James-tide,
his countenance waxed wan,
Yet now full grown in part of strength,
and thus became a man.
Wherefore with hooks and sickles keen,
unto the fields they hy'd,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and Limb from Limb divide.
Then bloodily they cut him down,
from place where he did stand;
And like a thief for treachery,
they bound him in a band.
So then they took him up again,
according to his kind,
And plac'd him up in several Stacks,
to wither with the wind.
Then with a Pitchfork sharp and long,
they rent him to the heart,
And traytor-like for treason vil'd,
they bound him in a Cart.
And tending him with weapons strong,
unto the town they hie,
Whereas they blow'd him in a Blow,
and so they let him lie.
They left him groaning by the walls,
till all his bones were soe,
And having took him up again,
they cast him on a floor.
And hired two with Holly Clubs,
to beat at him at once,
Who thwackt so hard on Barley-corn,
the flesh fell from his bones.
Then after took him up again,
to please some womens mind,
Hea ducked, san'd, and sifted him,
till he was almost blind.
Full fast they knit him in a Sack,
which griev'd him very soe,
And soundly slept him in a fat,
for three days space and more.
From whence again they took him out,
and laid him forth to dry,
Then call him on a Chamber floor,
and swoe that he should dye.

They rub'd and stir'd him up and down,
and oft did toyl and cure,
The Malt-man likewise bows his death,
his body should be sure.
They pu'd and bal'd him up in spight,
and threw him on a hill,
Hea dy'd him o're a fire hat,
the more to work their will.
Then to the Mill they towd him straight,
whereas they bruiz'd his bones,
The Miller swoe to murder him
betwixt a pair of Stones.
The last time when they took him up,
and served him worse than that,
For with hot scolding liquor soe,
they washt him in a fat.
But not content with this God wot,
they wrought him so much harm,
With cruel threat they promise next
to beat him into Barin.
And lying in this danger deep,
for fear that he should quarrel,
They heab'd him straight out of the fat,
and turn'd him in the Barrel.
They gozed and boacher'd it with a tap,
so thus his death began,
And drew out every drop of blood,
while any drop would run.
Some brought in Jacks upon their back,
some brought in bows and pail,
Hea, every man some Weapon had
poor Barley-corn to kill.
When Sir John Good-Ale heard of this,
he came with mickle might,
And took by strength their tongues away,
their legs, and eke their sight.
Sir John at last in his respect,
so paid them all their hire,
Then some lay bleeding by the Walls,
some tumbling in the mire.
Some sadly groaning by the walls,
some fell i'th street down right,
The wisest of them scarcely knew,
what he had done o're night.
All you good wives, that brew good Ale
God keep you from all teen,
But if you put too much water in,
the devil put out your Cyne.

FINIS.